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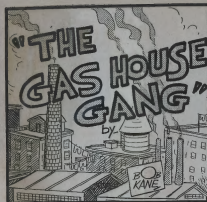
FEBRUARY, 1939

64  
PAGES  
OF  
THRILLS!

# Adventure COMICS

10¢





## ADVENTURE COMICS

The International Picture Story Magazine

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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# BARRY O'NEILL

## SYNOPSIS.....

JEAN LE GRAND... DAUGHTER OF INSPECTOR LE GRAND, HAS BEEN TRADED TO A SHEIK BY FANG GOW... IN EXCHANGE FOR A DRUG, WHICH HAS PUT THE INSPECTOR IN THE POWER OF THE CRAFTY ORIENTAL... WHILE UNDER THE SPELL OF THE DRUG... LE GRAND ATTACKED, AND CLUBBED BARRY, WHO FELL INTO THE WATER.

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EARLY MORNING FINDS THE SHEIK'S CARAVAN... WINDING SOUTHWARD ACROSS THE HOT DESERT SANDS...



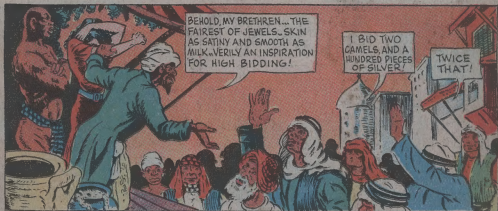
SHEIK AH HAMID RETURNED WITH THE FAIREST OF JEWELS.

THE AUCTION WILL BE AT NOON TO-MORROW.



## THE FOLLOWING DAY.....

THE HORRIFIED CAPTIVE IS PLACED IN THE HANDS OF AN AUCTIONEER... NEWS OF HER BEAUTY HAS TRAVELED FAST.

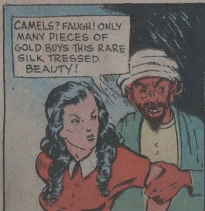


BEHOLD, MY BRETHREN... THE FAIREST OF JEWELS... SKIN AS SATINY AND SMOOTH AS MILK... VERILY AN INSPIRATION FOR HIGH BIDDING!

I BID TWO CAMELS, AND A HUNDRED PIECES OF SILVER

TWICE THAT!

CAMELS? FAUGH! ONLY MANY PIECES OF GOLD BUYS THIS RARE SILK TRESSED BEAUTY!



AUCTIONEER... YOU TOUCH MY HEART... I FAIN WOULD WEAKEN... BUT, ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD! IS IT A BARGAIN?

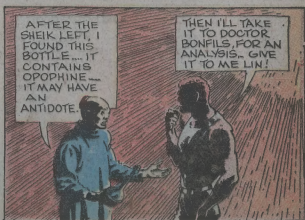
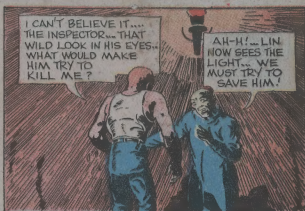


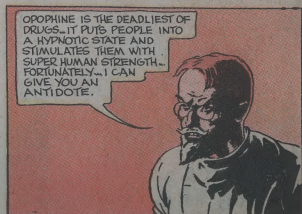
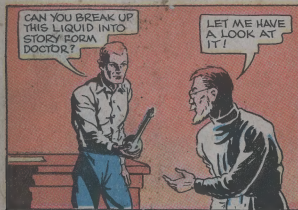
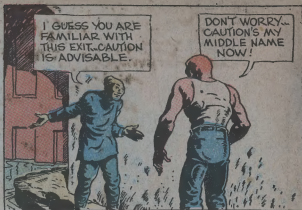


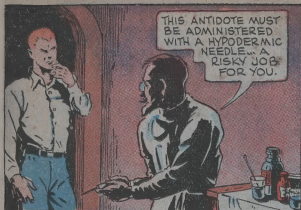




DARRY...  
TAKEN BY  
SURPRISE AT  
THE INSPECTOR'S  
HOSTILE  
ATTITUDE  
FALLS INTO THE  
WATER, AFTER  
RECEIVING A  
GLANCING BLOW.



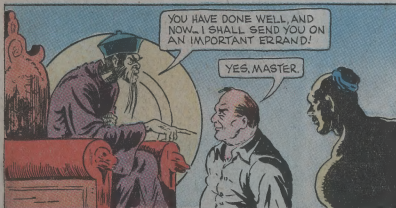




THIS ANTIDOTE MUST  
BE ADMINISTERED  
WITH A HYPODERMIC  
NEEDLE... A  
RISKY JOB  
FOR YOU.



THANK YOU DOCTOR...  
RISK DOESN'T ENTER  
INTO IT... WE MUST  
SAVE THE INSPECTOR!

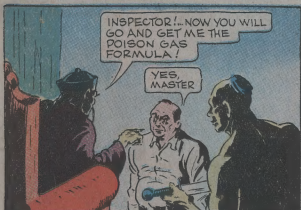


YOU HAVE DONE WELL, AND  
NOW... I SHALL SEND YOU ON  
AN IMPORTANT ERRAND!

YES, MASTER.

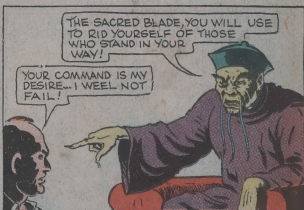


YEN!!...  
HURRY WITH  
THE SACRED  
BLADE!



INSPECTOR!...NOW YOU WILL  
GO AND GET ME THE  
POISON GAS  
FORMULA!

YES,  
MASTER



THE SACRED BLADE, YOU WILL USE  
TO RID YOURSELF OF THOSE  
WHO STAND IN YOUR  
WAY!

YOUR COMMAND IS MY  
DESIRE... I WEE! NOT  
FAIL!



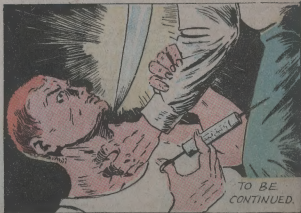
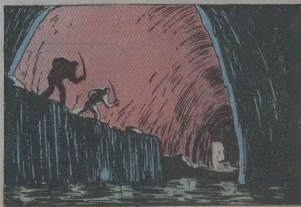
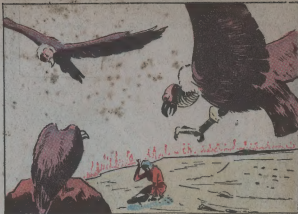
AH-H!... GOOD!...  
ZEE BLADE, SHE  
IS VAIRRE SHARP,  
VAIRRE SHARP!

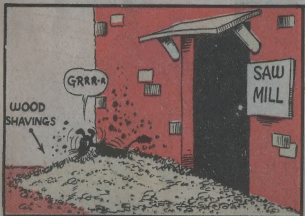
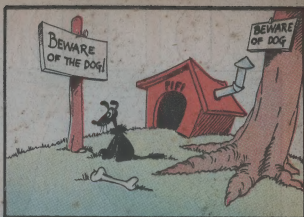


MASTER MUST HAVE  
THEESE PLANS!...  
I GET THEM!  
I GET THEM!

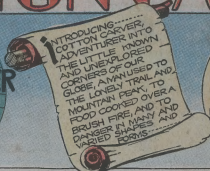


JEAN...  
FINALLY  
MAKES HER  
ESCAPE...  
AND WANDERS  
AIMLESSLY  
TOWARD THE  
OASIS.

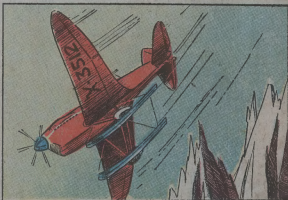




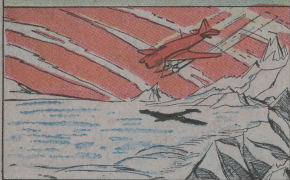
# COTTON CARVER



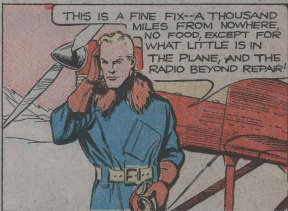
COTTON CARVER EXPERIENCES DIFFICULTY  
IN HIS ATTEMPT TO FLY HIS PLANE OVER  
THE SOUTH POLE---HIS MOTOR MISSES  
REPEATEDLY-----



COTTON SUCCEEDS IN FINDING AN OPEN  
ICE FIELD ON WHICH TO LAND-----



THIS IS A FINE FIX--A THOUSAND  
MILES FROM NOWHERE,  
NO FOOD, EXCEPT FOR  
WHAT LITTLE IS IN  
THE PLANE, AND THE  
RADIO BEYOND REPAIR!

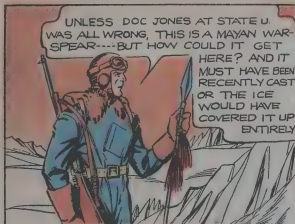


TRYING TO FIND A  
WHITE MAN'S OUTPOST  
IN THIS WASTE IS  
IMPOSSIBLE!

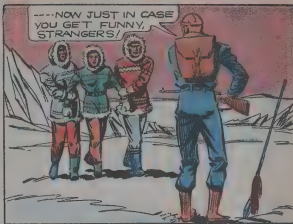


HE  
CHANCES  
ON  
AN  
ABANDONED  
LANCE!





UNLESS DOC JONES AT STATE U.  
WAS ALL WRONG, THIS IS A MAYAN WAR-  
SPEAR---BUT HOW COULD IT GET  
HERE? AND IT  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
RECENTLY CAST  
OR THE ICE  
WOULD HAVE  
COVERED IT UP  
ENTIRELY



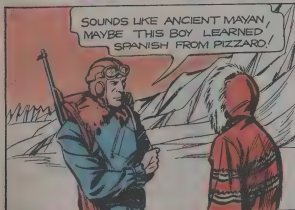
---NOW JUST IN CASE  
YOU GET FUNNY,  
STRANGERS!



THE UNIVERSAL PEACE GESTURE,  
MAYBE IT'S GOOD FOR  
ME THEY'RE  
NOT WARLIKE



MAHOLA  
COPEC?

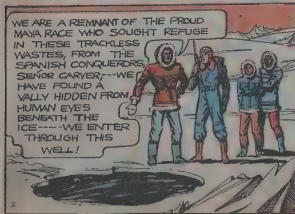


SOUNDS LIKE ANCIENT MAYAN,  
MAYBE THIS BOY LEARNED  
SPANISH FROM PIZZARO!



QUI ESTA  
USTA?---WHO  
ARE YOU?

YO SON  
ATZATL!



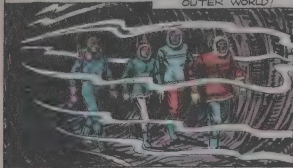
WE ARE A REMNANT OF THE PROUD  
MAYA RACE WHO SOUGHT REFUGE  
IN THESE TRACKLESS  
WASTES, FROM THE  
SPANISH CONQUERORS.  
SENIOR CARYER---WE  
HAVE FOUND A  
VALLEY HIDDEN FROM  
HUMAN EYES  
BENEATH THE  
ICE---WE ENTER  
THROUGH THIS  
WELL!



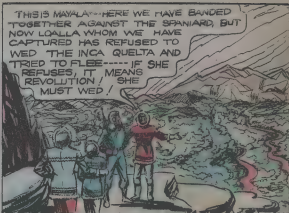
WELL---  
I'M  
GAME!

---AND TO COTTON'S DELIGHT, HE FINDS  
THAT THESE MEN SPEAK AND  
UNDERSTAND THE SPANISH LANGUAGE!

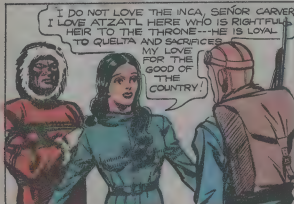
COTTON FINDS THE WATER WARM----  
BEING TREATED CHEMICALLY BY THE  
MAYANS AS THEIR SOLE DOOR TO THE  
OUTER WORLD!



THIS MAYALA---HERE WE HAVE BANNED  
TOGETHER AGAINST THE SPANIARD, BUT  
NOW LOALLA WHOM WE HAVE  
CAPTURED HAS REFUSED TO  
WED THE INCA QUELTA AND  
TRIED TO FLEE-----IF SHE  
REFUSES, IT MEANS  
REVOLUTION / SHE  
MUST WED !



I DO NOT LOVE THE INCA, SEÑOR CARVER  
I LOVE ATZATL HERE WHO IS RIGHTFUL  
HEIR TO THE THRONE---HE IS LOYAL  
TO QUELTA AND SACRIFICES



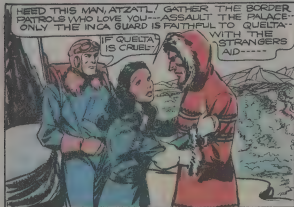
MY  
LOVE  
FOR THE  
GOOD OF  
THE  
COUNTRY!

TRUE---YET I SWORE OBEDIENCE, AND  
MY HONOR MUST TAKE PLACE BEFORE  
MY LOVE---YET QUELTA IS CRUEL  
AND HARD!



IF QUELTA  
IS AN EVIL  
RULER,  
OVERTHROW  
HIM!

HEED THIS MAN, ATZATL! GATHER THE BORDER  
PATROLS WHO LOVE YOU---ASSAULT THE PALACE--  
ONLY THE INCA GUARD IS FAITHFUL TO QUELTA--



IF QUELTA  
IS CRUEL--

WITH THE  
"STRANGERS  
AND-----

I SWORE LOYALTY, BUT TO A GOOD  
RULER---QUELTA IS CRUEL-----I HAVE



OF TEN THOUGHT  
MAYALA WOULD BE  
BETTER OFF  
WITHOUT HIM---  
BY QUETZCOATL!  
I SHALL DO  
AS YOU BID !

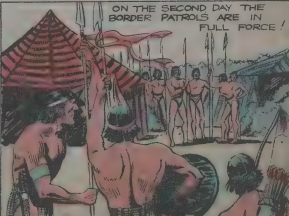
I HAVE SENT RUNNERS TO ALL  
BORDER PATROLS---THEY  
WILL BE HERE SOON---YET  
THE PALACE  
IS WELL  
GUARDED!

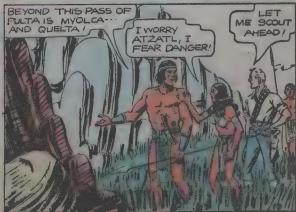
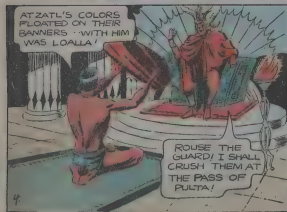
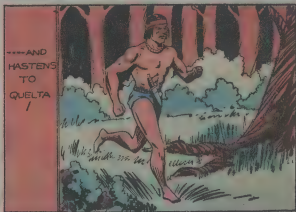
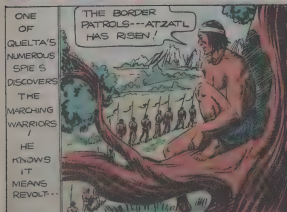
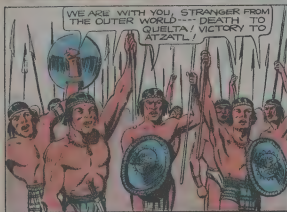
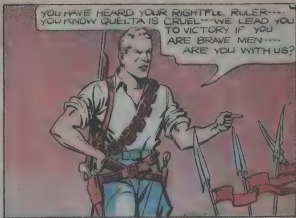
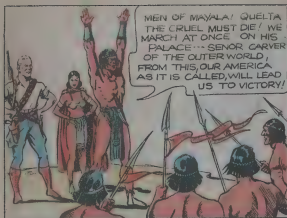
LEAVE OUR PLAN  
OF BATTLE TO ME  
--- WE WAIT TWO  
DAYS FOR ALL THE  
PATROLS!



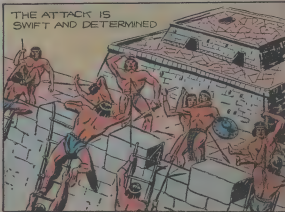
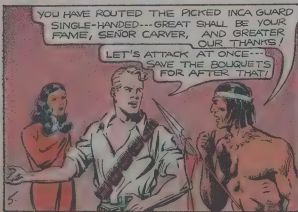
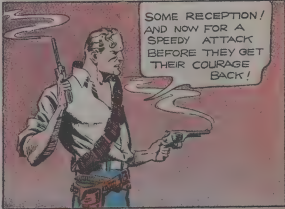
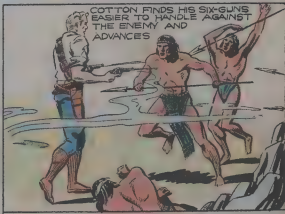
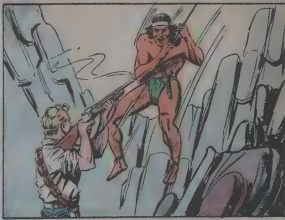
LATER--

ON THE SECOND DAY THE  
BORDER PATROLS ARE IN  
FULL FORCE !









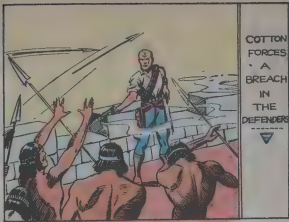
RETREAT! RETREAT!  
IT IS QUETZCOATL  
HIMSELF!

SOME RECEPTION!  
AND NOW FOR A  
SPEEDY ATTACK  
BEFORE THEY GET  
THEIR COURAGE  
BACK!

YOU HAVE ROUTED THE PICKED INCA GUARD  
SINGLE-HANDED---GREAT SHALL BE YOUR  
FAME, SENOR CARVER, AND GREATER  
OUR THANKS!

LET'S ATTACK AT ONCE---  
SAVE THE BOUQUETS  
FOR AFTER THAT!

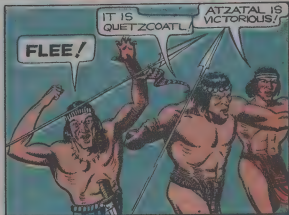
THE ATTACK IS  
SWIFT AND DETERMINED



COTTON  
FORCES  
A  
BREACH  
IN  
THE  
DEFENSES



---AND  
LEADS  
HIS  
WARRIORS  
TO  
SLAY  
THE  
INCA  
GUARD!



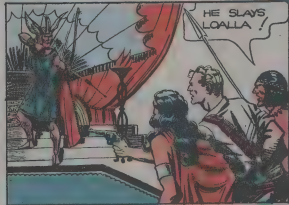
IT IS  
QUETZCOATL.

ATZTAL IS  
VICTORIOUS!

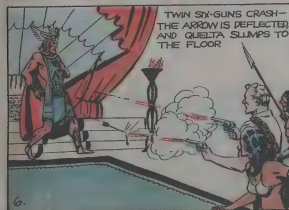
FLY!



SHOW ME TO THE PALACE  
---WE MUST GET  
QUETLA!



HE SLAYS  
LOALLA!



TWIN SIX-GUNS CRASH--  
THE ARROW IS DEFLECTED  
AND QUETLA SLUMPS TO  
THE FLOOR



I SHALL LEAD AN EXPEDITION  
MYSELF, TO THE OUTER WORLD  
WHERE YOU WISH TO GO, SENOR  
CARVER--AND  
OUR THANKS  
GOES WITH  
YOU FOREVER

Google  
NO  
REPRODUCTION

FOLLOW THE NEW AND AMAZING  
ADVENTURES OF COTTON CARVER  
IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

# FEDERAL MEN



WHILE SUFFERING FROM LOSS OF MEMORY, STEVE CARSON IS ELECTED HEAD OF A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL BAND. ONE OF THE MEMBERS ENVOUS, SEEKS TO ELIMINATE HIM---

by SIEGEL and SHUSTER.



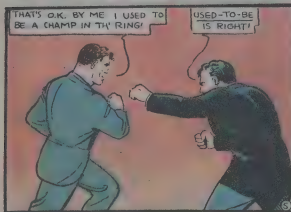
ONLY ONE OF US CAN BE THE BOSS-- AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE YOU!



DON'T, RED!

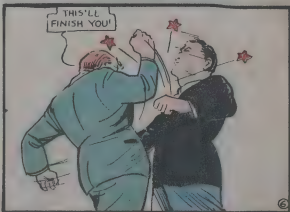
GIVE US THAT GUN!

NOT THAT WAY! FIGHT IT OUT WITH YOUR BARE FISTS! AND LET WHOEVER WINS BE THE "CHIEF"!

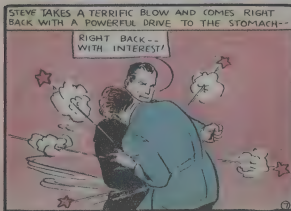


THAT'S O.K. BY ME I USED TO BE A CHAMP IN TH' RING!

USED-TO-BE IS RIGHT!

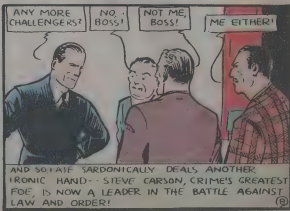


THIS'LL FINISH YOU!



STEVE TAKES A TERRIFIC BLOW AND COMES RIGHT BACK WITH A POWERFUL DRIVE TO THE STOMACH--

RIGHT BACK-- WITH INTEREST!



ANY MORE CHALLENGERS?

NO, BOSS!

NOT ME, BOSS!

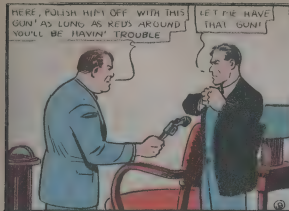
ME EITHER!

AND SO FAR SARDONICALLY DEALS ANOTHER IRONIC HAND-- STEVE CARSON, CRIME'S GREATEST FOE, IS NOW A LEADER IN THE BATTLE AGAINST LAW AND ORDER!



HERE, POLISH HIM OFF WITH THIS GUN! AS LONG AS REDS AROUND YOU'LL BE HAVIN' TROUBLE

LET ME HAVE THAT GUN!

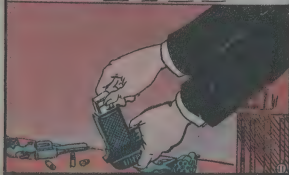


HEY! WOTSA IDEA! YOU'RE EMPTYING IT!

I TOLD YOU THAT AS LEADER OF THIS GANG I WAS GOING TO USE MY HEAD--NOW GIVE ME YOUR GUNS, ALL OF YOU!



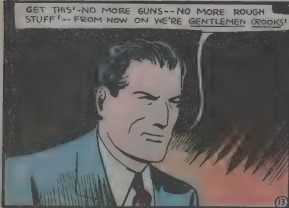
AS THE MOBSTERS RELUCTANTLY HAND THEIR WEAPONS OVER, STEVE PROCEEDS TO EMPTY THEM ONE BY ONE--THE GANGSTERS THINK HE'S GONE NUTS!



BUT WHEN STEVE THEN PROCEEDS TO TOSS THEIR ACCUMULATED GUNS INTO A WASTEBASKET, THEN THEY **KNOW HE IS!**



GET THIS!--NO MORE GUNS--NO MORE ROUGH STUFF!--FROM NOW ON WE'RE GENTLEMEN CROOKS!



ARE YOU DAFFY?

GIVE US BACK OUR GUNS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?



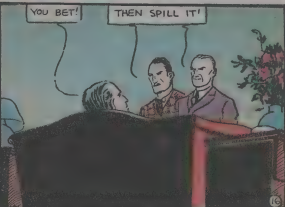
FROM NOW ON WE GET BIG HAULS WITHOUT RESORTING TO STRONG-ARM METHODS.

GOT A DEFINITE PLAN?



YOU BET!

THEN SPILL IT!



A WEEK LATER, STEVE PUTS HIS PLAN INTO EXECUTION-- HE AND SOME OF HIS MEN NONCHALANTLY ENTERING A BANK ONE AT A TIME.



SUDDENLY THE BANK IS ROCKED BY AN EXPLOSION-- THERE ARISES A CLOUD OF SMOKE--SLEEPING GAS!



WHILE THOSE ABOUT THEM COLLAPSE INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, THE GANG-MEMBERS DON PROTECTIVE MASKS, THEN GO ABOUT THEIR NE-FARIOUS TASK OF SYSTEMATICALLY ROBBING THE BANK.



A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY RACE OUT OF THE BANK, BURDENED WITH LOOT, TO MAKE A WELL-TIMED GETAWAY!



LATER WHEN THE GANG MEETS TO DISTRIBUTE THE SWAG



DURING THE NEXT WEEKS, THE NEWSPAPERS ARE CROWDED WITH HEADLINES CONCERNING THE "PHANTOM GANG'S" INCREASING ACTIVITIES--

**TOM GANG RIKES AGAIN** **MAYOR DENOUNCES POLICE**

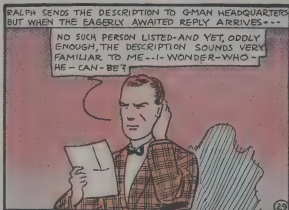
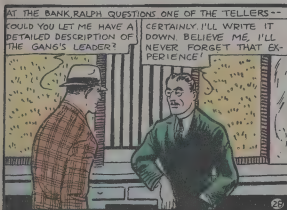
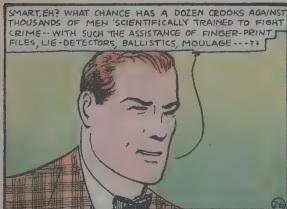
**GANG DIRECTED BY BRAIN** **GENTLEMEN CROOKS VANISH LIKE PHANTOMS**

OFFICE OF THE LOCAL CHIEF OF POLICE--

I TELL YOU, CHIEF, WE CAN'T LET THAT GANG CONTINUE TO SPREAD TERROR. THE TOWN'S BUSINESS MEN WON'T STAND FOR IT.

IT'S BEYOND MY CONTROL, BUT I'VE SENT FOR HELP.







# JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

**H**ELLO again Members: And how are you after the dandy holidays of Christmas and New Year's Day? I hope you received the gifts and presents you had your hearts set on, though sometimes we become too selfish along these lines and wish for gifts that we ourselves know are practically impossible to get. And with the New Year let us all strive to overcome our weaknesses and failings; let us endeavor to strengthen and perfect our minds and bodies so that we may become more alert and finer citizens of this grand country of ours.

A great number of letters have come into the office asking us to repeat the directions to make plaster casts of footprints, and how to make a strongbox. Those of you who have already read these instructions we ask your indulgence and permit us to repeat these methods to the thousands of new Members who, as yet, haven't received them. Here they are:

For plaster casts of footprints:

Buy plaster of paris at the hardware store. It costs only about three cents a pound. Mix the plaster of paris with just enough water to make a smooth paste. Make a deep, clear imprint in the earth and rub lard carefully over the imprint. Then pour the paste into the footprint and let it harden. When it is hard, it is possible to pull the cast right out of the footprint. Be sure to heed this warning, though: *Don't try it on anything but an empty footprint in earth.*

\* \* \*

The strong box can be small or large, depending on the size you want and the kind of material you desire to keep in it. A cigar box is fine for a small strong box. The hardware store can sell you a little lock and hinges, but you can make your own by drilling a hole near the front of the cover, and another hole on the front of the box.

Then string a short wire through and twist it together with your own

secret method, and no one will meddle with the strong box, because no one *but you* knows just exactly how those wires were twisted.

A large strong box can be made from a wooden grocery box. The cover is two planks of the right size nailed together with three small boards.

This box will need a pair of loose hinges fastened to the cover and the box to make it open and close. The hardware store has these, and also locks and screws to fasten the cover down so that only a Club member with the key can open it.

A word or two about dues and a Treasury. It is necessary to have dues. This is a good idea because dues can be spent on buying Club Equipment such as finger-printing outfits, camera films and all sorts of things that it would be nice for your Unit to have. Many Units will enjoy saving up enough money to finance a hiking trip, or a picnic or some other kind of party . . . for even Federal Men have to relax once in a while. There are lots of ways in which a Treasury would be useful but it is not necessary to have one.

If there is a boy in your Unit who has a camera, by all means make him an official J. F. M. C. Photographer. It is very helpful to have a photographic record of everything that is of interest to the Unit. These Photographs should be kept on file for future reference.

Well, this is all we have room for this month. Try out the suggestions we have given you and remember that there are lots of other things that you can think of for yourselves. We will be expecting lots of letters telling us just what you are most interested in reading on our Club pages.

Yours,  
Steve Carson.

## Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson,  
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,  
480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City and State.....

# THE STAMP MART

## HUNGARIAN COLLEGE HONORED

Concerned as they are in the vital problems of today, we scarcely expect the countries of Central Europe to delve deep into the past to present us with an interesting commemorative stamp set. Hungary has done just this, and in so honoring the famous college of Debreczen, raises a timely monument to the endurance of a long established institution.

The Debreczen State University of Sciences, as the college has been known since 1914, is celebrating this year the 400th anniversary of its founding. It is the chief center of Protestant education for the Magyar people and has earned for the city of Debreczen the name of "Calvinistic Rome".

Six stamps comprise the commemorative set, which introduces two new figures to stamp collectors. A portrait of Istvan Hatvani, versatile physics professor and doctor who was also a theologian and astronomer appears on the 32-filler stamp. He was born in 1718 and died in 1786. Another man of many talents, Gyorgy Marothy is portrayed on the 40f. value. Born in 1715 he passed his life as professor, author and musician until his death in 1744.

A present day view of the university appears on the 6f. bright green stamp. Turning backward, we see the seat of learning as it was in the eighteenth century aspect. Three students of the bygone era are portrayed on the 16f. brown violet.

Each stamp bears the inscription, "Debreceni Collegium 1538-1938" across the top.

## FROM THE FAR NORTH

A most attractive souvenir sheet has been issued by Iceland in commemoration of Leif Ericson. The sheet consists of three values, 30, 40, and 60 aur. The 60 aur is the center stamp and presents the portion of the globe in which Iceland, Greenland and the north coast of America appear. These are the territories to which Ericson came about the year 1000.

The 30a stamp, appearing at the left of the sheet, is printed in red and bears a view of the Ericson statue, standing in Iceland's capital city of Reykjavik. This work was executed by A. Sterling-Calder, American sculptor, and was presented to the people of Iceland by the United States on the occasion of the millenary of the Icelandic Parliament in 1930. Another view of the statue is presented on the 40a, purple, value.

Iceland's coat of arms appears at the top center of the sheet and below that is the inscription "Leifr Ericssons Day, 9 Oct. 1938". The inscription along the bottom reads "Leifr Ericsson, Son of Iceland—Discoverer of Vinland".

Ericson, son of Eric the Red, introduced Christianity to Iceland, and is generally credited with the discovery of the continent of North America, which he named Vinland.

**\$35.00 IN POSTAGE STAMPS**



**FOR ONLY \$150**

**ELIJAH FLIES!!  
HEAVENWARD!!**

First time in history an actual scene from the OLD TESTAMENT has been reproduced on postage stamp! It is just one of four beautifully engraved stamps just issued by Vatican City. This set is to be found among hundreds of unusual stamps and designs in our SPECIAL OFFER of 1250 ALL DIFFERENT GUARANTEED GENUINE POSTAGE STAMPS. There is hardly a country, race, creed or color on the map that isn't represented. Every political belief from Democracy to feudal tribal chieftain has its stamps in this magnificent collection. The 1250 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS with a catalogue value of \$35.00 only \$1.50 TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**FRASEK COMPANY**

DEPT. 639, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

## 33 FIJI ISLANDS, 3c TRIANGLES, 3c

Gold Coast, Mexico and others. All for only 3c to approval applicants. One packet only to a customer.

**FLORAL CITY STAMP CO.**

BOX 9P

WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO

## 3 TRIANGLE SCARCE DIAMOND & 4 AIRMAILS.

Bhopal (India); Bolivia and other fine triangle; Costa Rica Diamond; Jubilee; Airm from Egypt, Mozambique, Ecuador and Syria. Big Pkt. Cuba, China, Brazil, Mexico, many Brit. Cols., rare Borneo, Siam, Philippine Islands and Congo. 6c with approvals.

**EUREKA STAMP CO.** Box 630-M, Burbank, Calif.

## 120 STAMPS FOR 5c

**ABELL "LITTLE GIANT" LOT  
NOTHING LIKE IT ANYWHERE**

120 all diff. from every corner of world; triangle & diamond stamps, bicolors, ships, ODD COUNTRIES like Azerbaijan, Afghanistan, Schleswig, Surinam, South Sea Islands; Zanzibar; also NICE LOT U. S. A. commemoratives, civil war issue, battleship Maine, \$1, \$2 & \$5 high values, etc. Sounds impossible, but everything (list value \$2.50) with lists & approvals, sent exactly as described—for only 5c!

**ABELL STAMP CO.**

1818-K St. Paul St.

Baltimore, Md.

## SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED

containing 60 different stamps from AFGHANISTAN, TRANS-JORDANIA, NORTH BORNEO, MANCHUKUO, SUDAN, GUADELOUPE, IRAQ, SARAWAK, FRENCH and BRITISH COLONIES, including natives, beads, ships, etc. This entire packet for only 5c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free.

**KENT STAMP CO.**

Box 87 (18),

G. F. O. Brooklyn, N. Y.

## STAMP

**48 Page Collectors Handbook**, chuck full of information, both for the beginner and advanced collector, ALSO 100 different stamps from all parts of the world for only **10c** to applicants for our foreign approvals. Offer limited. Write today.

**HARVEY S. DOLIN & CO.**

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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This beautiful Spanish issue, showing the famous La Rabida, is included in our interesting combination of 4 other attractive and unusual sets (with approvals), for only 10c.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Write for a selection of U. S. Stamps on approval. Old 19th Century, scarce commemoratives, airmails, revenues. No premiums but good stamps and fast service.

**J. C. DAUB**

LAFERIA,

TEXAS

## WORLD'S SMALLEST AIRMAIL



**FREE STAMP MAGAZINE!**

\$2.00 U. S. Airmails, Bird, Indian, Airplane Commemoratives, Special Issues, scarce stamps from 25 countries. 5c with approvals.

**CAPITAL STAMP CO.**

Dept. DC, 413 W. Roosevelt Blvd., Little Rock, Ark.



# DALE DARING

- by Will Ely -



I'VE WANTED TO EXPLORE THIS ISLAND EVER SINCE I FIRST SAW IT --

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, DALE - WE HAD A SWELL DAY FOR THE TRIP TOO -



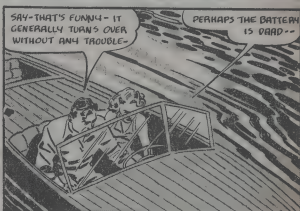
HAVE ANOTHER SANDWICH - WE SHOULD FINISH THEM -

CAN'T DO IT, DALE - I'VE REACHED MY CAPACITY - SAY A BREEZE IS BLOWING UP --



I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT WATER, DALE -- WE'D BETTER BE STARTING BACK BEFORE IT GETS TOO ROUGH --

GOOD IDEA, DON -- THIS BOAT ISN'T BUILT FOR THE HIGH SEAS --



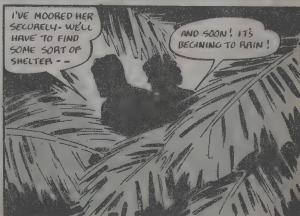
SAY - THAT'S FUNNY - IT GENERALLY TURNS OVER WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE -

PERHAPS THE BATTERY IS DEAD --



SMART GIRL - IT IS - WELL! THIS IS BAD! NOT TOO MANY SHIPS GO BY HERE -

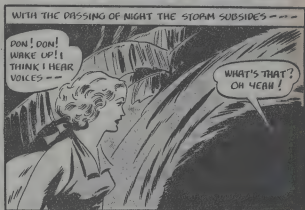
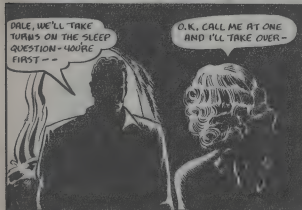
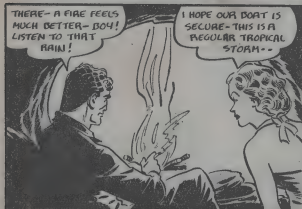
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT 'TILL THIS BLOW'S OVER AND THEN ROW IN - OUR FOOD IS MOST GONE -

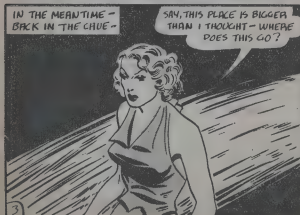


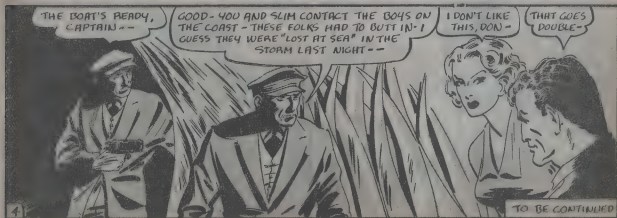
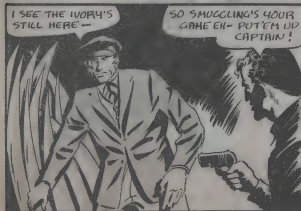
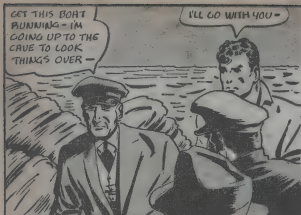
I'VE MOORED HER SECURELY - WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME SORT OF SHELTER -

AND SOON! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!

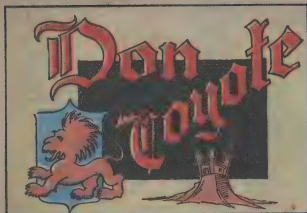




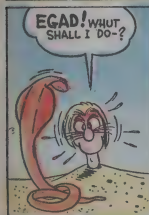




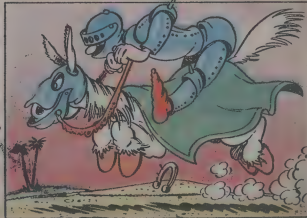
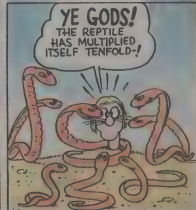


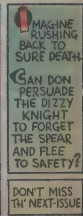
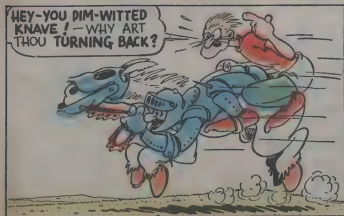
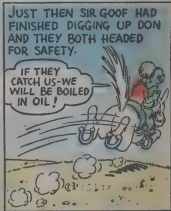
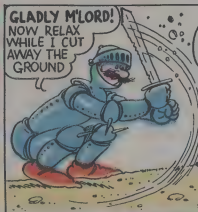
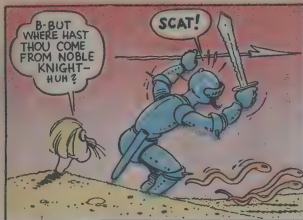


OUR HERO WAS BURIED UP TO HIS NECK IN THE SAND ON THE ARABIAN DESERT BY A BAND OF HOSTILE ARABS. A POISONOUS SNAKE IS ABOUT TO PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY



HIS WHISTLE CUT THROUGH THE AIR AND SOON REACHED THE EARS OF A PACK OF FAME SNAKES IN THE NEARBY ARAB-CAMP





# Tom BRENT

BY JIM CHAMBERS

TOM FEELS HE HAS EARNED A REST. WE FIND HIM BOATING WITH SUE WATERS, DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY SHIPPING MERCHANT. LITTLE DOES HE KNOW OF THE TROUBLE THAT LIES IN STORE FOR THEM—

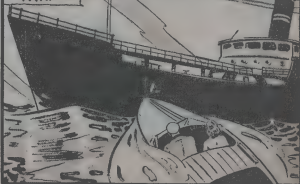


I'M SORRY YOU DIDN'T MEET FATHER—BUT THEN HE'S BEEN SO BUSY OF LATE.

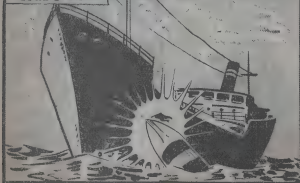
I'M SORRY TOO, SUE—PERHAPS ON MY NEXT VISIT—



A HUGE OIL TANKER LOOMS UP IN THEIR PATH—



THEY SEE IT TOO LATE TO AVOID A COLLISION—



OH HELP ME TOM!

WE'RE ALL RIGHT SUE—THEY'LL THROW US A LINE. HELLO ON DECK!



THAT'S FUNNY. HERE GRAB THIS ROPE SUE AND I'LL HELP YOU UP.

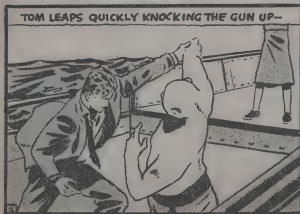
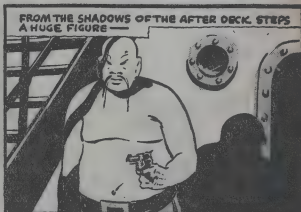


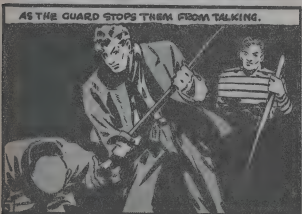
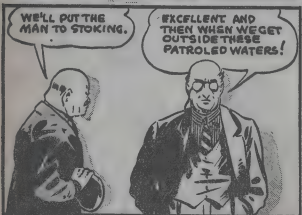
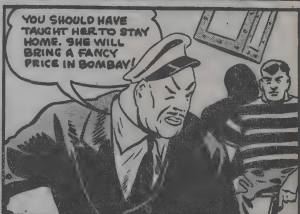
NOW! WHERE IS EVERYBODY. COME ON OUT YOU. GIVE US A HAND!

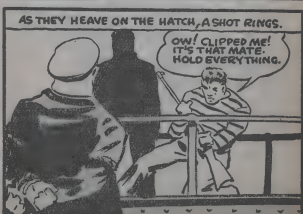
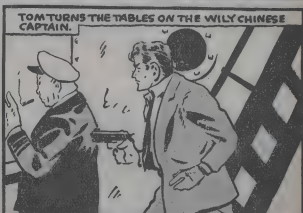
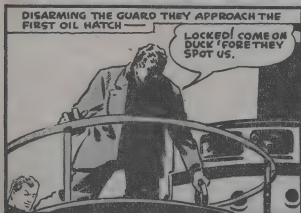
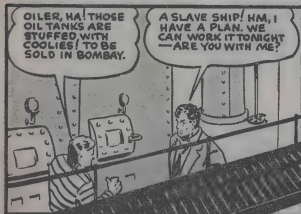
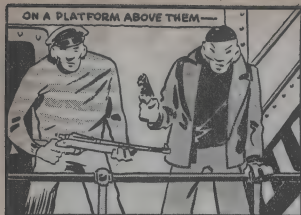
TOM I'M SCARED—DO YOU SUPPOSE—!











A WELL DIRECTED SHOT FELS THE MATE—



THE COAST CLEAR THEY OPEN THE HATCH,  
RELEASING THE COOLIES—



AT A COMMAND THEY RUSH THE CAPTAIN—

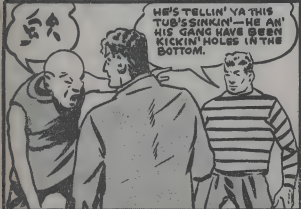


NONE OF THAT!  
THE AUTHORITIES  
WILL TAKE CARE  
OF HIM.

AW, WHY DIDN'T YA  
LET 'EM TAKE HIM  
APART?



HE'S TELLIN' YA THIS  
TUB'S SINKIN'—HE AN'  
HIS GANG HAVE BEEN  
KICKIN' HOLES IN THE  
BOTTOM.



SUE! I MUST  
GET HER OUT  
OF THIS. KEEP  
YOUR EYE ON  
CAP!



WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE? WHY  
GRANT—

GET BACK IN THERE.  
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE  
WITH SUE?



AS TOM'S BACK WAS TURNED—

SUE! THIS SHIP'S  
SINKING.





TOM LAYS HIM OUT—



LET'S GO. WE'VE  
JUST TIME TO  
RIG UP A SMALL  
BOAT!



YOU AIN'T BRINGIN'  
THESE RATE ALONG,  
ARE YOU?

WE'LL TURN 'EM  
OVER TO THE POLICE  
WHEN WE LAND.



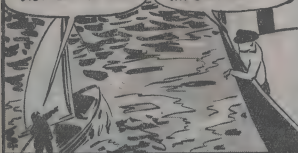
RAISING A CRUDE SAIL THEY SET OUT FOR  
SHORE—



A TRAMP STEAMER IS SIGHTED—

HELLO, ON BOARD!  
THERE'S A SHIP IN  
DISTRESS OFF THERE.

WE'LL PICK 'ER UP.  
TACK OFF AND YOU'LL  
HIT SAMPAN.

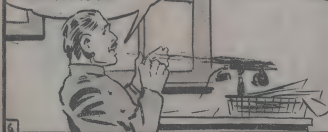


THEY SAIL INTO THE HARBOR OF SAMPAN—



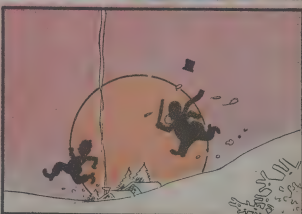
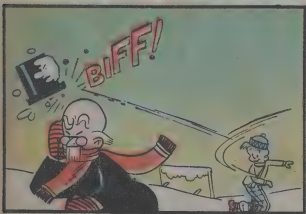
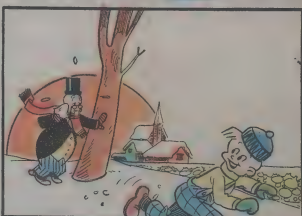
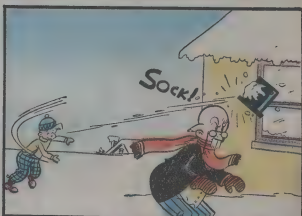
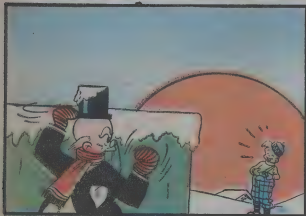
WELL, BRENT THAT WAS  
GOOD WORK. WE'VE BEEN  
TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH  
THESE GUYS FOR A LONG  
ALONG TIME. THERE'S  
ANOTHER LITTLE JOB I'D  
LIKE YOU TO DO.

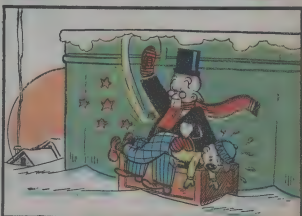
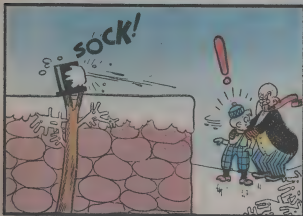
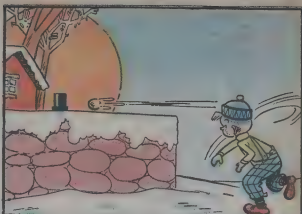
I'LL BE GLAD TO  
SIR. I'M A KIND  
OF FED UP WITH  
JUST HANGING  
AROUND.



WHAT WILL  
TOM'S NEXT  
VENTURE BE?  
DON'T MISS  
THE NEXT  
ISSUE.





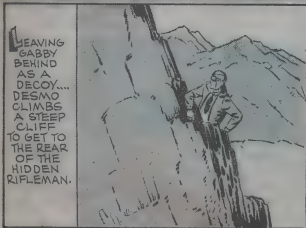


# Captain Desmo

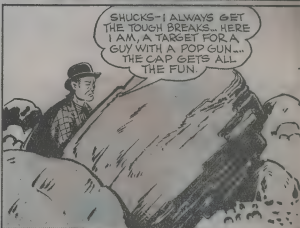
**C**APTAIN DESMO AND GABBY.....  
 ENDEAVORING TO LOCATE THE MASKED  
 LEADER OF A BAND OF REBEL TRIBESMEN...  
 WHOM THEY SUSPECT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR  
 THE BANISHMENT OF COL. McALISTER FROM  
 THE ARMY... COL. McALISTER IDENTIFIED  
 HIM AS HIS FORMER SERVANT.....  
 CAPTAIN DESMO COMPELLED THE  
 SERVANT TO GUIDE HIM TO THE MASKED  
 LEADER... THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A  
 HIDDEN RIFLEMAN... THE GUIDE WAS  
 KILLED... DESMO AND GABBY DECIDED  
 TO PUSH ON.



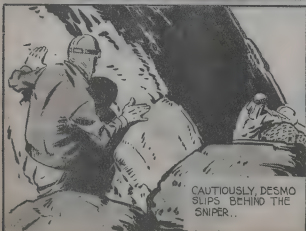
HEY!!--THAT WAS CLOSE!--STAY  
 HERE GABBY--GET BEHIND THAT  
 ROCK-- I'M GOING AFTER  
 HIM!



**L**EAVING  
 GABBY  
 BEHIND  
 AS A  
 DECOY....  
 DESMO  
 CLIMBS  
 A STEEP  
 CLIFF  
 TO GET TO  
 THE REAR  
 OF THE  
 HIDDEN  
 RIFLEMAN.



SHUCKS--I ALWAYS GET  
 THE TOUGH BREAKS... HERE  
 I AM, A TARGET FOR A  
 GUY WITH A POP GUN...  
 THE CAP GETS ALL  
 THE FUN

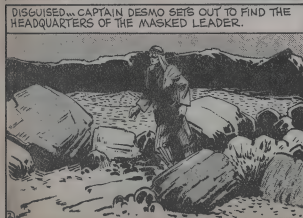
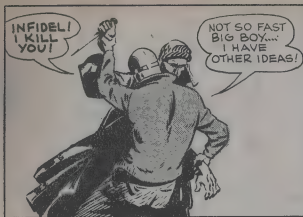


CAUTIOUSLY, DESMO  
 SLIPS BEHIND THE  
 SNIPER..

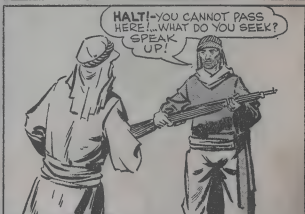


YOU MURDERING  
 DOG!--I'LL TEAR  
 YOU APART!!





MEANWHILE... THE MASKED LEADER HOLDS COUNCIL WITH HIS LIEUTENANTS, BOASTING OF HIS PROWESS.



I SEEK THE MASKED ONE... PROTECTOR OF THE HILL TRIBES... MY BRETHREN CRY OUT FOR ARMS... TO FIGHT THEIR OPPRESSORS.

FOLLOW ME... I SHALL TAKE YOU TO HIM.



I COME FROM THE LOWER HILLS... WITH MUCH GOLD TO PURCHASE ARMS FOR MY TRIBE... CAN YOU SUPPLY THEM?

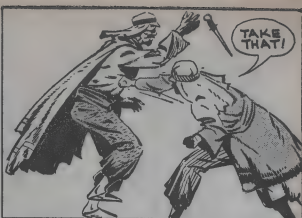
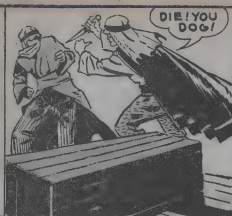
MY FRIEND... YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, COME WITH ME... SELECT WHAT YOU WISH.



THAT SHACK HOLDS ENOUGH MUNITIONS TO EQUIP AN ARMY.



LATER...  
SUSPECTING  
DESMO'S  
REAL  
IDENTITY...  
THE  
MASKED  
LEADER  
WHIPS  
OUT  
A  
KNIFE.



AND ONE TO THE  
BUTTON, FINISHES  
YOU OFF!



THE TRIBESMEN  
CLOSE IN ON THE  
SHACK.



DESMO'S BLAZING GUN... PUTS  
THE BANDITS TO FLIGHT.



AT A  
NEARBY  
CORRAL...  
DESMO  
LASHES  
HIS  
PRISONER  
TO A HORSE,  
AND  
PREPARES  
TO GALLOP  
AWAY  
WITH HIM.



BEFORE LEAVING THE MUNITIONS SHACK, CAPTAIN DESMO TOUCHED OFF A FUSE ATTACHED TO A POWDER KEG, ASSURING THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL THE CONTRABAND.



THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION CAUSES A LANDSLIDE, WIPING OUT THE ENTIRE BAND OF REBEL TRIBESMEN.



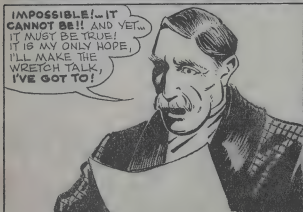
LETTER FOR YOU SIR... JUST ARRIVED BY SPECIAL MESSENGER.

THANK YOU.



Colonel Millister  
Bombay Hotel,  
Bombay  
Dear Colonel  
I have captured a wicked  
leader of desert tribes.  
I am bringing him to  
your hotel. I hope  
he will confess  
everything, and clear  
your name.  
Captain Desmo

IMPOSSIBLE!... IT CANNOT BE!! AND YET... IT MUST BE TRUE! IT IS MY ONLY HOPE, I'LL MAKE THE WRETCH TALK, I'VE GOT TO!

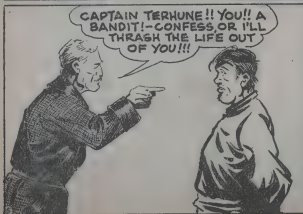


COLONEL... HERE'S YOUR MAN... DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

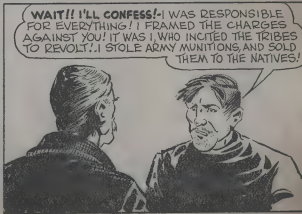


LATER- DESMO ARRIVES WITH HIS PRISONER.

CAPTAIN TERHUNE!! YOU!! A BANDIT!-CONFESS OR I'LL THRASH THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!!!



WAIT!! I'LL CONFESS!- I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYTHING! I FRAMED THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU! IT WAS I, WHO INCITED THE TRIBES TO REVOLT! I STOLE ARMY MUNITIONS, AND SOLD THEM TO THE NATIVES!





THE NEXT DAY... THE RENEGADE OFFICER IS TRIED BY A MILITARY COURT... AFTER HOURS OF AMAZING REVELATIONS A VERDICT IS GIVEN.

TERHUNE... THE NATURE OF YOUR CRIMES HAS FILLED THIS COURT WITH HORROR! WE FIND YOU GUILTY, AS CHARGED... WITH THE RECOMMENDATION, THAT YOU BE SHOT!... GUARD! TAKE HIM AWAY!



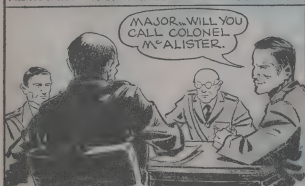
COLONEL, I'M MIGHTY GLAD YOU'RE CLEARED OF THAT AWFUL MESS... I KNEW YOU WERE INNOCENT.

THANKS CAPTAIN, IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE AMONG FRIENDS AGAIN.

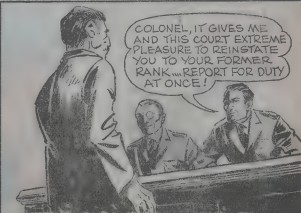


LATER... THE COURT MARTIAL RECONVENES TO REINSTATE COLONEL McALISTER INTO THE ARMY.

MAJOR... WILL YOU CALL COLONEL McALISTER.

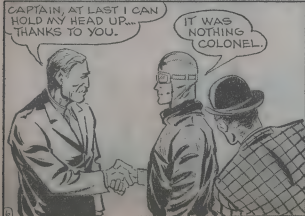


COLONEL, IT GIVES ME AND THIS COURT EXTREME PLEASURE TO REINSTATE YOU TO YOUR FORMER RANK... REPORT FOR DUTY AT ONCE!



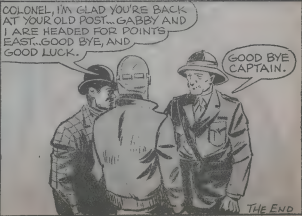
CAPTAIN, AT LAST I CAN HOLD MY HEAD UP... THANKS TO YOU.

IT WAS NOTHING COLONEL.



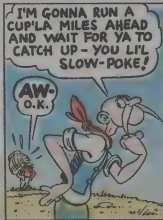
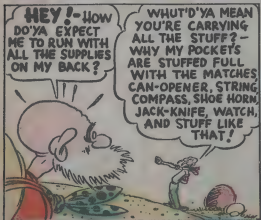
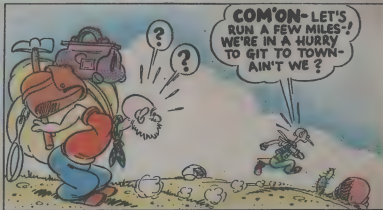
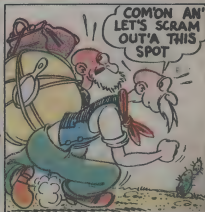
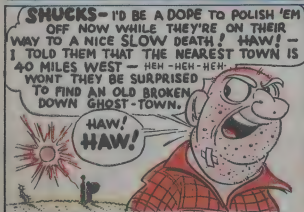
COLONEL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK AT YOUR OLD POST... GABBY AND I ARE HEADED FOR POINTS EAST... GOOD BYE, AND GOOD LUCK.

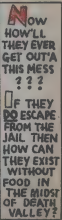
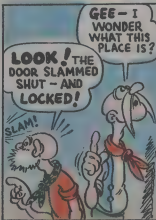
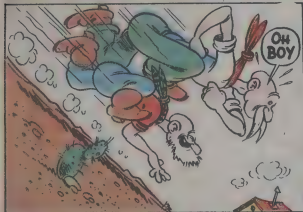
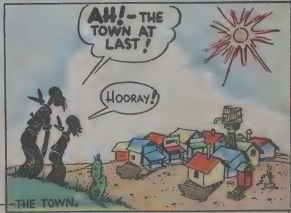
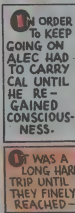
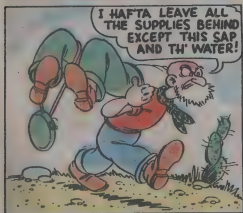
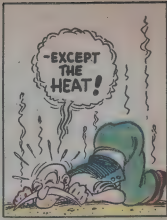
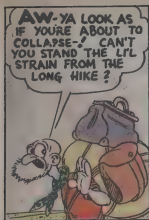
GOOD BYE CAPTAIN.



THE END

# Cal n' Alec





**T**HE towering peak of Thunder Head stretched a mile above them into the vivid blue sky. It's eternal coat of ice and snow glistened like a blanket of diamonds in the sunlight, sparkling with innumerable beams of reflected brightness.

Bill Halsey threw his guide line around a jutting piece of rock and dug into his pocket for a cigarette. Fifteen feet below him Hans Fruem, his guide, also halted.

"Well, we're just about halfway up," shouted Bill, "at this rate we should reach the top sometime tomorrow morning. And if that doesn't beat the record, I'll eat my hat!"

Hans laughed and munched on a bar of chocolate. "That will be a record but remember that the hardest part is yet to come. Higher up the air is much colder and all the footholes and notches are glazed with ice. Then you are faced with the real thing and you must succeed despite all the battling forces of Nature."

Bill made a wry face. "You make it sound pretty tough, Hans. But that's what I want . . . the tougher the better!"

They rested ten minutes to catch their breaths and to loosen up the



feeling of tautness in the muscles of their arms and legs. Far below lay the fertile Swiss valley, dotted here and there with tiny houses, so small they scarcely appeared real. The river that ran along the floor of the valley past the village looked like a thin ribbon of blue velvet. On all sides of the valley rose the gigantic cliffs and snow topped peaks of the Swiss Alps, majestic yet somewhat terrifying in appearance. And largest and most outstanding of all was Thunder Head, a massive example of Nature's architecture. Its side sloped up from the valley for almost a thousand feet and then suddenly jutted straight up, thrusting its granite bulk a mile skyward.

Bill flipped the glowing end of his cigarette out into space and called down to Hans: "What say, fellow, shall we get going?"

"Righto!" replied the guide and pointed to an overhanging ledge some fifty yards above their heads. "We'll spend the night on that flat piece of rock, it's the only bit of hospitality old Thunder Head offers between here and the top."

Off they started, progressing slowly and carefully along up the face of the mountain. They reached the ledge as the sun dropped back of the icy peaks to the west, flinging a mantle of twilight in its wake. Stars

twinkled in the east and Bill and Hans, crouched on the narrow ledge of stone, ate their light supper and gulped down the hot coffee from the thermos bottles they carried in their knapsacks. They tied themselves securely to the rough rocks around them, to prevent rolling off into the yawning space below, and settled down for a good night's sleep.

Night came and faded into dawn. Hans roused himself and called to Bill. They had more coffee and then prepared to battle their way to the top. The air had become intensely cold and a wind that rushed through the mountain gaps, roared and tugged at them with satanic fury.

Higher and higher they went, clinging desperately to small rocks and ridges while below them was a sheer drop of 2,000 feet. The frigid wind blasted them and all but numbed their shivering bodies but still they climbed.

The sun rose and ascended the heavens toward the zenith and the two young men, mere specks on the face of Thunder Head's cliff, moved cau-



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tiously but ever upward nearer their goal. The rocks were coated with ice, and progress became infinitely harder. Their grasps on the tiny finger-holes were most insecure and time and again their hob-nailed boots slipped from a glazed ledge . . . only their lifeline prevented them from plunging to their deaths.

**A**T noon they were two hundred yards from the top and rather than lose a few minutes for a light lunch, they forged ahead. And then it was that the accident occurred.

Bill had climbed on, some fifteen feet above Hans who waited till the former had reached a certain point before freeing the rope that was tied around both their waists. Bill waved to the guide to follow and Hans slipped the rope off a rocky ledge and started upward.

Suddenly Bill cried out in alarm and Hans, looking up saw the young man's body fall out and down. Instinctively, the guide looped the lifeline around a jutting piece of stone and uttered an ejaculation of prayer, hoping the rope would hold Bill's dropping form.

Down Bill fell like a plummet, the coiling rope between him and Hans growing suddenly taut as the space increased. Bill stopped momentarily in his downward plunge, his fall broken by the lifeline . . . but then the rope itself, pulled and drawn over a knife-like edge of granite, was severed and Bill's swaying body again dropped into space.

Horried, Hans saw his companion fall, the long length of rope snaking out above him . . . and then before his eyes a seeming miracle took place!

The twenty-odd feet of lifeline still attached to Bill's waist, coiling and twisting in the young man's wake, looped itself around a pinnacle of rock jutting out of the face of the cliff. Once again Bill's fall was delayed, this time apparently for good . . . for the rope became taut and firm, securely knotted and wrapped around the out-thrust piece of stone.

The jarring snap of the rope had evidently brought on merciful unconsciousness, for Bill's body dangled back and forth at the end of the lifeline. The sudden jerk of the rope had pulled it up from his waist and tightened it beneath his arms.

Hans murmured a prayer of thanksgiving and started downward. Bill was suspended some forty feet below him. The face of the cliff was almost mirror-like in surface and offered

little or nothing in the way of footholes and ledges, save for an occasional jagged cut. But Hans had mountain blood coursing through his veins, his whole life had been spent among the towering Alps, and this new challenge gripped him with a mighty sensation to overcome and conquer this obstacle.



Inch by inch he crawled downward over the slippery surface, hanging at times by his fingertips. One slight error or miscalculation would mean death but his indomitable spirit and strength knew no retreat nor defeat. Closer and closer he approached his companion, and finally he was at the spot where the lifeline had tangled around the jagged rock.

He called Bill's name but there was no reply, obviously he was still unconscious. With his back to the wall of the cliff, Hans planted himself firmly on the tiny ledge that formed part of the jutting rock and reaching down, he grasped the rope. Then with a powerful effort he started to pull it up, hand over hand. Though the air was bitterly cold, beads of perspiration broke out on Hans' forehead.

head and the muscles of his whole body cried out in anguish and protest. His mouth was a thin, grim line of determination but he continued to haul up the rope, foot by foot.

Following what seemed like ageless minutes, Hans pulled Bill to the top of the ledge and caught him beneath the arms. He straddled the rock and with one final exertion of strength, he lifted his unconscious companion onto the rock and cradled him against the wall. He fastened the broken lifeline around himself and proceeded to arouse Bill. Presently, Bill's eyes fluttered open and he gazed in amazement at his friend.

"But it isn't possible!" he stammered. "The last thing I remember was that I was falling and now I find myself sitting on a rocky ledge! You saved my life, Hans!"

"No, not exactly," the modest guide replied. "It was really the rope that prevented you from dropping to your death. It tangled itself around this ledge after it had snapped, and it held you there till I climbed down to get you!"

Tears of gratitude filled Bill's eyes and he clasped Hans' hand fervently in his own. "Hans, old fellow, I'll never be able to repay you for endangering your own life to save mine, but believe me I think you're just about the 'tops' honest!"

"Speaking of 'tops,'" said Hans, "what about the record we were after? Are we still going to try for it?"

Bill looked up toward the peak of Thunder Head towering above them. "And why not? We can't let a little thing like that stop us, can we?"

THE END

**Ted's Broke**

**Writes Jim**

**Now Money and Prizes**

**As Coming to Him**

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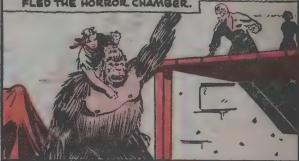


# TOD HUNTER

## JUNGLE MASTER

by JIM CHAMBERS

WE LEFT TOD, TOMMY AND GAIL FACE TO FACE WITH AN ENRAGED GORILLA. TOD, ARMED WITH ONLY A KNIFE, SEEKS TO OVERCOME THE MIGHTY BEAST. BATES, THEIR CAPTOR, HAS FLED THE HORROR CHAMBER.



THE GORILLA THROWS TOD TO THE FLOOR, KNOCKING HIM UNCONSCIOUS—



LIFTING HIS HEAD HE GIVES THE MIGHTY ROAR OF THE CONQUOROR—



OH, I CAN'T LOOK. TOD IS DEAD!

FLATTEN YOURSELF AGAINST THE WALL, GAIL. THE BEAST IS COMING OUR WAY!



ALTHOUGH BATES HAD LOCKED THE DOOR, THE GORILLA TEARS IT OFF AS IF IT WERE PAPER—



BLIMEY, BUT THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW LET'S —

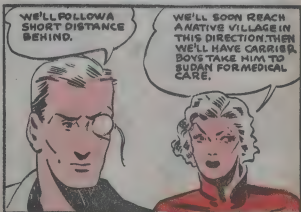
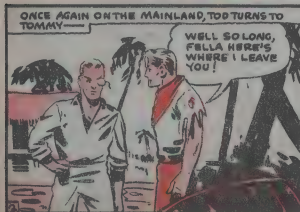
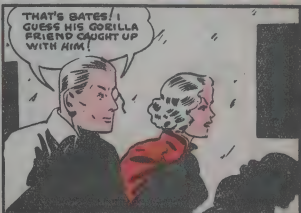
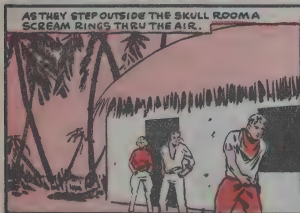
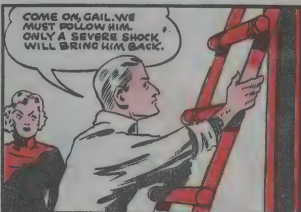
TOMMY! TOD JUST MOVED. HE'S ALIVE!



OH MY HEAD. WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?

STOP JOKING, OLD MAN. YOU'VE JUST HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.





AS TOD STUMBLES THRU THE JUNGLE MAZE



A LARGE PYTHON UNCURLS ITSELF



THE HUGE COILS ENIRCLE TOD



A SHORT DISTANCE BEHIND



TOMMY: TOD'S  
IN TROUBLE!

I'LL SAY HE IS!  
LOOKS LIKE A PYTHON.

TOMMY FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS



THANKS, OLD MAN.  
THAT WAS A CLOSE  
CALL.

I SAY, WON'T YOU  
JOIN US IN CAMP  
TONIGHT—TOO DARK  
TO GO ON?



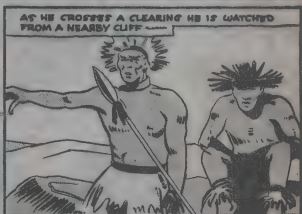
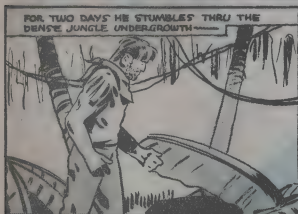
TOD JOINS THEM IN THE EVENING MEAL



GAIL, I HEAR  
SOMEONE OR  
SOMETHING  
COMING!







WHAT WILL TOD'S FATE BE AT THE HANDS OF THE FERCE CAVEMEN? DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE.





# THE GOLDEN DRAGON

BY ~TOM HICKEY.



所有  
所有  
所有

所有  
所有  
所有



WHEN IAN, REILLY AND PAN CHI-LOU HAD CONFERRED AT THE GATE OF THE ABBOT'S MONASTERY, THEY DECIDED ON A PLAN TO OUTWIT TORGADOFF, THE TARTAR. REILLY WOULD GO WITH THE MESSENGER INSTEAD OF IAN.

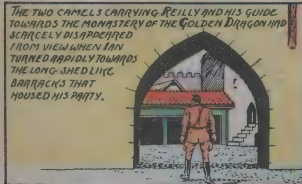
THEN I'LL FOLLOW WITH MY MEN AND THE AMMUNITION. ONCE YOU'RE INSIDE THE MONASTERY OF THE DRAGON PRIESTS, REILLY, GET IN TOUCH WITH THE JR-LAMA AND PERSUADE HIM TO ADMIT MY OUTFIT BY A GATE IN THE WEST WALL.



I THINK HE'LL DO IT BECAUSE HE HATES TORGADOFF MORE THAN HE DOES US.



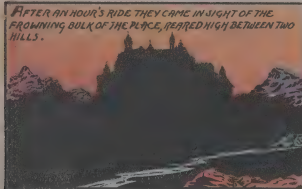
THE TWO CAMELS CARRYING REILLY AND HIS GUIDE, TOWARDS THE MONASTERY OF THE GOLDEN DRAGON HAD SCARCELY DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW WHEN IAN TURNED RAPIDLY TOWARDS THE LONG-SHED LIKE BARRACKS THAT HOUSED HIS PARTY.



IN A FEW MINUTES THE RESTED AND REFRESHED PARTY, LED BY IAN MURRAY, WAS ON ITS WAY TO THE STRONGHOLD OF THE DRAGON PRIESTS.



AFTER AN HOUR'S RIDE THEY CAME IN SIGHT OF THE FROWNING BULK OF THE PLACE, PERCHED HIGH BETWEEN TWO HILLS.



IAN HALTED THE COLUMN SOME TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.



THEY MOVED CAUTIOUSLY AS THEY HEARD THE WALLS.



LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE THE BOOMING-OF DRUMS AND GONGS AND THE BLAZE OF HORNS.

THEY ARE HOLDING THE DANCE OF THE DRAGON TONIGHT. THE SENTRIES WILL NOT BE VERY WATCHFUL, BUT THEY ARE TOO STRONG AT THE MAIN GATE.



AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY QUIETLY TOWARD THE MAIN GATES, THE SOUND OF THE CELEBRATION WITHIN GREW LOUDER.



LISTEN TO THAT! THE BOYS ARE REALLY HOLDING A JAZZ SESSION TONIGHT.

CAREFULLY SKIRTING THE MAIN GATE AND AVOIDING THE CIRCLE OF LIGHTS CAST BY THE LANTERNS HUNG ABOVE ITS TOWERS, THEY CAME AT LAST TO A SMALL GATE SET DEEPLY WITHIN THE WALL.



THIS IS THE WEST GATE.



IAN WENT FORWARD QUIETLY AND LISTENED BEFORE IT.

PEERING WITHIN, IAN COULD SEE A FAINT LIGHT FAR IN THE INTERIOR AT THE END OF A LONG STONE PASSAGE. THERE SEEMED TO BE NO ONE ABOUT.

ALL RIGHT PAN CHI-LOU, YOU GO BACK AND BRING UP THE MEN AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE. I'LL SCOUT AROUND A BIT AND SEE IF THE WAY IS CLEAR INSIDE.



2

NO SOUND COULD BE HEARD FROM INSIDE AND HE TRIED THE IRON BOUND DOOR. IT GAVE UNDER HIS HAND, CREAKING AS HE PUSHED IT OPEN.



STANDING ALONE IN THE DARK IAN STUDIED THE LIGHT AND PASSAGEWAY. IN THE FLICKER OF THE LIGHT HE NOTICED A FORMLESS SHADOW THAT SEEMED TO CROUCH AGAINST THE WALL OF A SIDE CORRIDOR, LIKE SOME THING ALIVE. HE SUPPRESSED QUIETLY FORWARD.



JUST BEFORE REACHING THE CORNER, HE SLIPPED OFF HIS COAT, AND PLACING IT ON THE Muzzle OF HIS RIFLE, THROUST IT FORWARD SLOWLY.



IAN QUICKLY FLIPPED THE COAT FROM THE Muzzle, AND BROUGHT THE RIFLE DOWN WITH A WHICK ON THE PRIEST'S HAND, THE SWORD CLATTERING ACROSS THE FLOOR.



THERE WAS A SUDDEN VICIOUS WHIP OF STEEL AND SOMETHING FLASHED THROUGH THE AIR CUTTING INTO THE COAT AND CLANGING HARSHLY AGAINST THE METAL RIFLE BARREL.

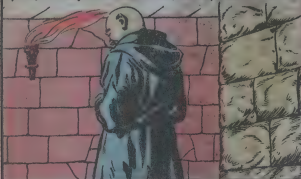


IAN JABBED HIS RIFLE AT THE BLACK CLAD PRIEST.



LEAD ME TO THE MAN CALLED TORGADOFF, THE TARTAN, BEFORE I BLOW YOU TO BITS!

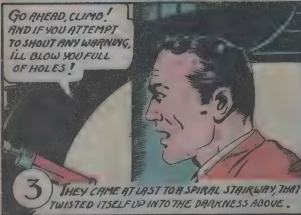
HE GAVE ONE FRIGHTENED LOOK AT THE GLINTING EYES OF THE WHITE MAN, AND BOWED HIS HEAD IN TOKEN OF SUBMISSION.



TURNING, HE POINTED ALONG THE PASSAGE WAY BEHIND HIM, THEN MOVED ON. IAN FOLLOWED CLOSELY, HIS GUN READY.



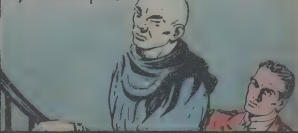
GO AHEAD, CLIMB! AND IF YOU ATTEMPT TO SHOOT ANY WARNING, I'LL BLOW YOU FULL OF HOLES!



3

THEY CAME AT LAST TO A SPIRAL STAIRWAY THAT TWISTED ITSELF UP INTO THE DARKNESS ABOVE.

IAN COULD SEE A LIGHT COMING THROUGH AN OPEN DOORWAY IN THE WALL ABOVE HIM; COULD HEAR THE MUTTERING OF SEVERAL VOICES, AND BEYOND THAT A SORT OF SUBDUED HUM FROM A VAST UNSEEN CROWD.





IN ANOTHER MINUTE IAN HAD ARRIVED AT THE OPEN DOOR-  
WAY AND WAS LOOKING THRU AT SEVERAL BLACK CLAD PRIESTS



THEY WERE HUGE MEN AND WERE RANGED ON EITHER SIDE  
OF A BUNDLE TIED ABOUT WITH SCARLET SILK. STANDING, ON  
ONE SIDE WAS TORGADOFF, THE THUTARI.



FOR A SECOND, IAN STOOD THERE IN PERPLEXITY, STARRING  
AT THE SCARLET BUNDLE AS THE PRIESTS BEGAN TO RAISE  
IT PREPARATORY TO CASTING IT FORTH INTO THE SPACE  
BELOW THE PLATFORM.



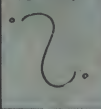
AND THEN THE BUNDLE STIRRED AND A FAINT VOICE  
CALLED FROM IT -



AS THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF THAT VOICE STIRRED HIS  
CONSCIOUSNESS, IAN FELT HIS MUSCLES TENSE INTO STEEL  
BANDS. HE CROUCHED, MOVING FORWARD  
LIKE A TIGER GATHERING  
ITSELF FOR THE SPRING.



RETURNING NOW  
TO JIM REILLY ON  
A SIMILAR PLAT-  
FORM LOWER DOWN  
IN THE IMMENSE  
TEMPLE.



REILLY, STANDING OVER THE STILL  
FORM OF THE GOARD, LOOKED BACK-  
WARDS, AND HIS FACE WENT WHITE.



HE SAW THE PRIESTS PREPARE TO JUMP THAT SCARLET  
BUNDLE OF SILK THAT HELD DORIS TO THE GREAT REPTILE  
WAITING BELOW WITH SLAVERING JAWS.



AT THAT SECOND, A TALL FORM LEAPED OUT AMONG THE  
CIRCLE OF PRIESTS ON THE HIGH PLATFORM.



HE SMASHED THROUGH THE LITTLE GROUP OF BLACK CLAD MEN, THRUSTING THEM ASIDE AND SEIZING THE BUNDLE OF SILK IN HIS GRASP.

IT'S ALL RIGHT DORIS.  
IT'S IAN.

THERE WAS A FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT ON THE PLATFORM FOR A SECOND. THEN TORGADOFF SHOUTED SOME COMMAND.



THE PRIESTS RECOVERED THEIR WITS AND CLOSED IN ON THE LONE WHITE MAN. TELLER GASPED AS HE RECOGNIZED IAN.



IAN WENT DOWN BEFORE THE CONCERTED RUSH OF THE PRIESTS; WENT DOWN FIGHTING AND THEN ROSE AGAIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT BOILING TANGLE OF MEN.



BUT HE WAS FINALLY SUBDUED. THE PRIESTS GRIPPED HIM FROM ALL SIDES. FURTHER STRUGGLE WAS HELPLESS.



TORGADOFF CAME FORWARD AND SPAT VICIOUSLY AT THE HELPLESS IAN.



TORGADOFF MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE IN COMING SO CLOSE. IAN SUDDENLY TOOK A NEW LEASE ON LIFE. HE LEAPED BACKWARDS AND FLUNG HIS WHOLE WEIGHT AGAINST HIS CAPTORS, DRAWING HIS KNEES UP CLOSE TO HIS BODY. TOO LATE, TORGADOFF STARTED TO BACK AWAY. IAN'S FEET SHOT FORWARD, PROPELLED BY THE WHOLE STRENGTH OF HIS BODY, AND DROVE STRAIGHT IN TORGADOFF'S MIDDLE.



THERE WAS A TERRIFIED GASP FROM THE THARTAR AS THAT POWERFUL KICK KNOCKED ALL THE BREATH FROM HIS BODY.



HE STAGGERED BACKWARD TO THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM, CRASHED THROUGH THE FRAGILE RAILING AND TOPPLED OVER, SCREAMING.

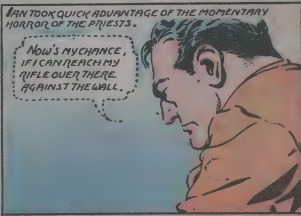


REILLY, WATCHING, SAW A SINGLE SWIFT DART OF THAT HUGE Gaping HEAD, HEARD A THUD LIKE A BATTERING RAM AND SAW THE VAST GOLDEN COILS TWINE THEMSELVES AROUND A LIMP BODY.



IAN TOOK QUICK ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENTARY HORROR OF THE PRIESTS.

NOW'S MY CHANCE, IF I CAN REACH MY RIFLE OVER THERE AGAINST THE WALL.

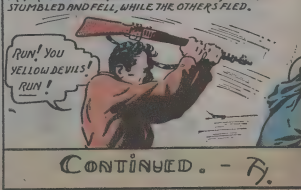


HE JERKED LOOSE FROM THE PRIESTS, REACHED HIS GUN, AND USING IT AS A CLUB, SMASHED AT THE MEN ENCIRCLING HIM.

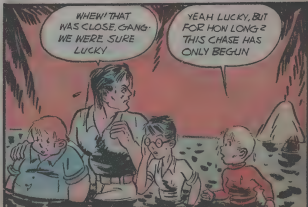
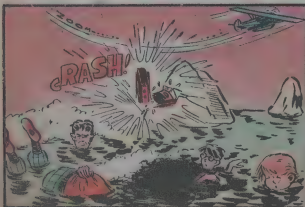
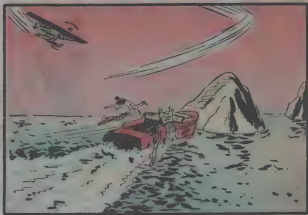
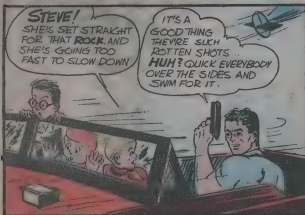
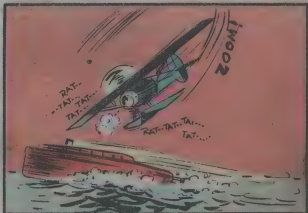
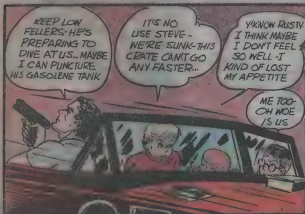
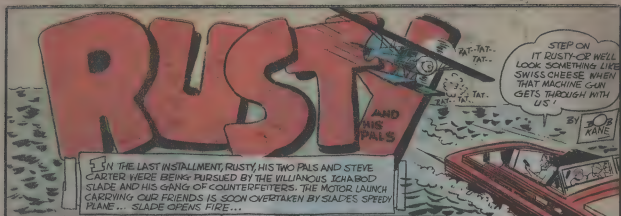


ONE WENT DOWN, HIS SKULL CRUSHED, ANOTHER'S ARM CRACKED AND HUNG USELESS AT HIS SIDE. A THIRD STUMBLING AND FELL, WHILE THE OTHERS FLED.

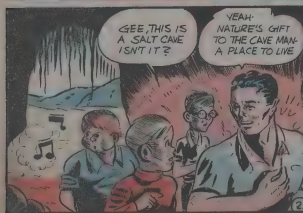
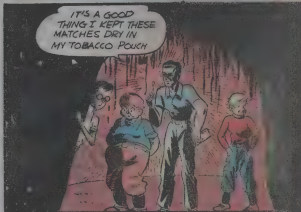
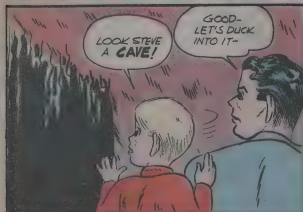
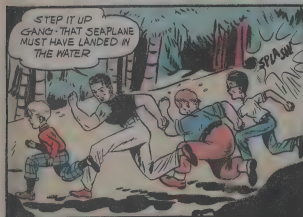
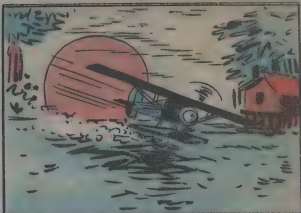
RUN! YOU YELLOW DEVILS! RUN!

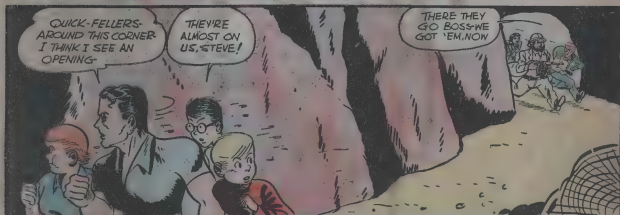
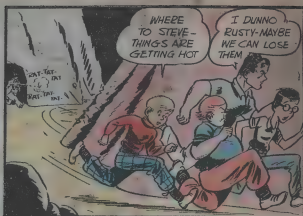


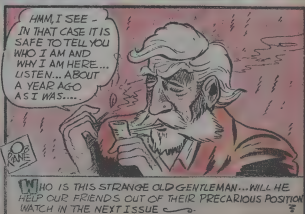
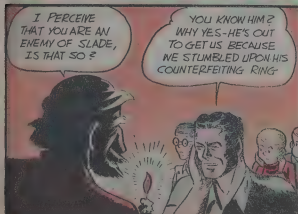
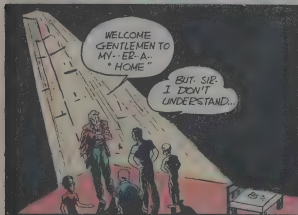
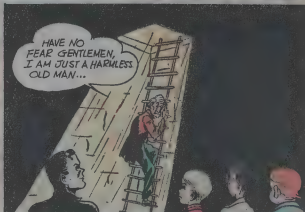
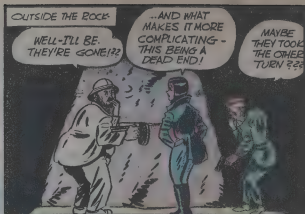
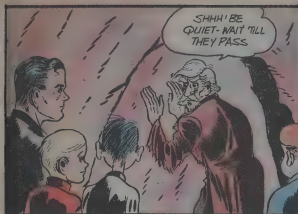
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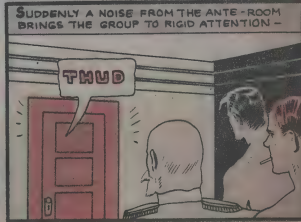
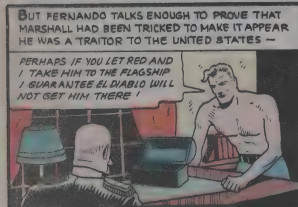
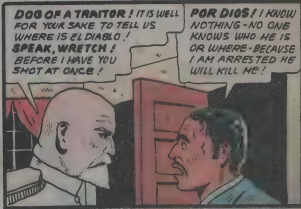
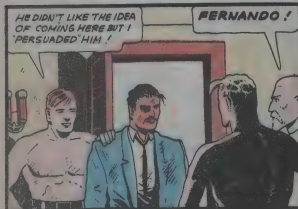




# ANCHORS AWEIGH!

BY FRED GUARDINEER

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER DON KERRY AND HIS PAL RED MURPHY HAVE A LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM THE UNITED STATES FLEET TO TRACK DOWN THE RUTHLESS REVOLUTIONARY "EL DIABLO" OF SOUTH AMERICA - AT THIS POINT DON HAS JUST RESCUED MARSHALL OF THE U.S. EMBASSY FROM EL DIABLO AND RED HAS JUST ENTERED WITH FERNANDO, AN AIDE OF MARSHALL AND SUSPECTED OF BEING IN LEAGUE WITH EL DIABLO - THE SCENE IS THE OFFICE OF COLONEL VARGAS-

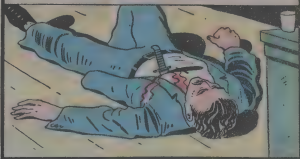




LIKE A SHOT DON STREAKS FOR THE DOOR  
AND FLINGS IT OPEN



FERNANDO LIES SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR - A  
KNIFE DRIVEN INTO HIS HEART - THE TRAITOR  
WOULD TALK NO MORE



DEAD - STONE DEAD.  
AND I LUGGED HIM  
FIFTY MILES ONLY  
TO HAVE SOME ONE  
COME IN THROUGH  
THE WINDOW AND  
STICK HIM !



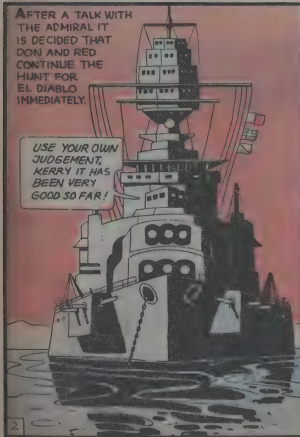
SILENTLY DON AND RED LEAVE  
THE EMBASSY AND ARE FERRIED  
TO THE FLAGSHIP



CLEAN UP, RED. I'LL  
EXPLAIN TO THE  
ADMIRAL WHAT  
HAPPENED -

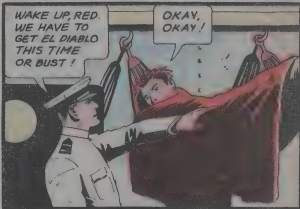


AFTER A TALK WITH  
THE ADMIRAL IT  
IS DECIDED THAT  
DON AND RED  
CONTINUE THE  
HUNT FOR  
EL DIABLO  
IMMEDIATELY.



USE YOUR OWN  
JUDGEMENT,  
KERRY IT HAS  
BEEN VERY  
GOOD SO FAR !

WAKE UP, RED.  
WE HAVE TO  
GET EL DIABLO  
THIS TIME  
OR BUST !

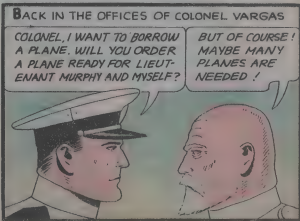


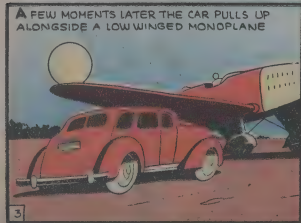
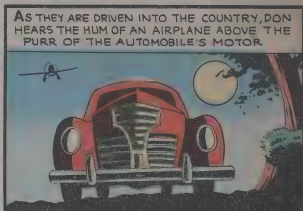
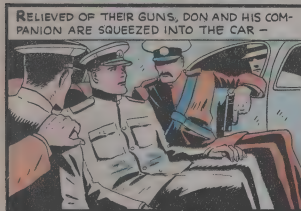
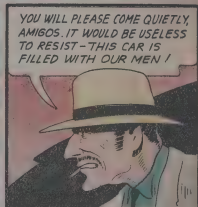
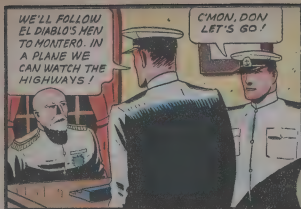
OKAY,  
OKAY !

BACK IN THE OFFICES OF COLONEL VARGAS

COLONEL, I WANT TO BORROW  
A PLANE. WILL YOU ORDER  
A PLANE READY FOR LIEUT-  
ENANT MURPHY AND MYSELF ?

BUT OF COURSE !  
MAYBE MANY  
PLANES ARE  
NEEDED !

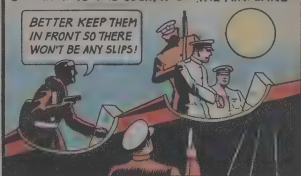




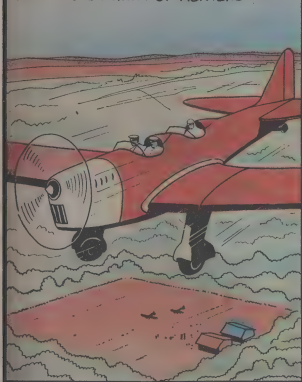
HANDCUFFS ARE HASTILY CLOSED OVER THEIR WRISTS -



SECURELY TIED UP, DON AND RED ARE SHOVED INTO THE COCKPIT OF THE AIRPLANE -



WITH ITS CARGO OF PRISONERS THE PLANE TAKES OFF AND CIRCLES OVER A JUNGLE AIRPORT IN THE VICINITY OF MONTERO -



LANDING SMOOTHLY THE MYSTERIOUS MONOPLANE TAXIS TO A HALT ON THE SHORT FIELD



DON AND RED ARE IMMEDIATELY ORDERED OUT OF THE PLANE



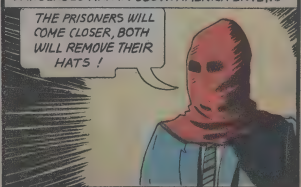
YOU WILL COME INSIDE, QUICKLY FOLLOW ME!

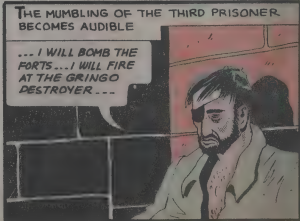
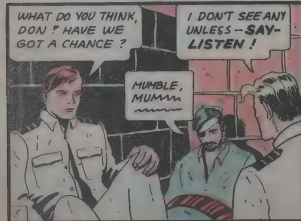
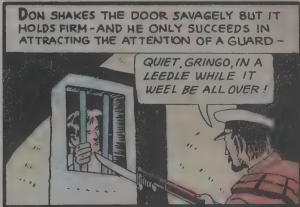
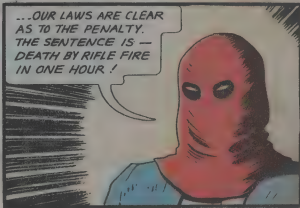
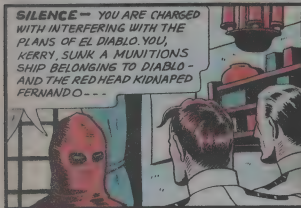


THE TWO NAVAL OFFICERS FIND THEMSELVES IN THE SPACIOUS QUARTERS OF EL DIABLO



THE DOOR OPENS AND EL DIABLO, THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN SOUTH AMERICA ENTERS -







FROM THE DELERIOUS TALKING OF THE PRISONER DON AND RED GAIN MUCH INFORMATION —

IF YOU THINK EL DIABLO WILL SHELL THE BATTLESHIP ?

LISTEN, RED! EL DIABLO'S MEN RAIDED A FORT AND HAVE THE UNIFORMS. NOBODY SUSPECTS THEM. THEY COULD EASILY KILL THE AMBASSADOR —



BUT WHAT CAN WE DO ? WE'RE HELPLESS WHILE DIABLO GOES THROUGH WITH HIS MAD PLAN!



EVEN AS DON SPEAKS THE FIRING SQUAD APPEARS AND ENTERS THE PRISONERS' CELL —

GET THE MAD ONE !



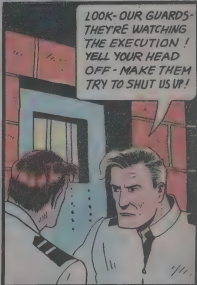
THE SOLDIERS GRAPPLE WITH THE BRAZILIAN WHO HAS GONE RAVING MAD —



FINALLY AT BAYONET POINT HE IS MARCHED TO THE STONE WALL —



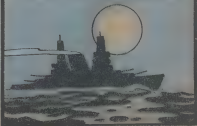
LOOK - OUR GUARDS - THEY'RE WATCHING THE EXECUTION ! YELL YOUR HEAD OFF - MAKE THEM TRY TO SHUT US UP !



HELP-YIPPEE  
YI-POLEEE  
MOIDER-SHIP  
AHOY-YOW  
WOW-WOW.



WHAT DARING DEED HAS DAUNTLESS DON KERRY THOUGHT UP TO GET OUT OF THIS DESPERATE SITUATION AND CAN HE DO IT ? WATCH FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF "ANCHORS AWEIGH" AND THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF DON KERRY AND RED MURPHY —



# HERE'S HOW it started!

by KEN BROWNE

## ESCAPE FROM A RANGE FIRE

In frontier days the men who patrolled the range were often trapped by a grass fire - until it was discovered that by starting a head-fire, one could ride in its ashes to safety - TODAY, NOBODY TRAVELS FAR INTO THE RANGE WITHOUT A PACKAGE OF MATCHES!



When the notorious pirate was about to be hanged, he pleaded: "Spare my life, and I will give you enough gold to brighten the power of England." Thinking the treasure would be easy to find, he was executed without delay, in 1701. - The search started, and to this day THE HIDING PLACE REMAINS A MYSTERY!

## SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

## CHEWING GUM

-An American scientist, discouraged because he could not turn chiclet into rubber - turned to his son and said: "I guess the only thing this stuff is any good for is to chew!"

"RIGHT" said the son. "We will give it a flavor and market it!" THEY DID!



## HOMICIDE

The slaying of Abel, by his older brother Cain, was the first murder committed - MOTIVE - JEALOUSY.

# ODDS 'N ENDS



LEE GAMBLE REFUSES TO CHANGE HIS SOCKS IF HE IS IN A HITTING STREAK



17-1



## RALPH KERCHEVAL

JUST ABOUT THE BEST KICKER IN PRO FOOTBALL, AVERAGES 70 YARDS, AND HAS A RECORD BOOT OF 90 YARDS TO HIS CREDIT!



KELLEY, FAMOUS END OF A FEW SEASONS AGO, HAS A RECORD OF HAVING SCORED IN EVERY 'BIG THREE' GAME HE PLAYED IN...



MAX SCHMELING, KEEPS IN SUCH PERFECT PHYSICAL CONDITION, THAT HIS WEIGHT HASN'T VARIED MORE THAN 2 LBS. IN 8 YEARS...



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# SUPERSCAN

*and friends*